

The Musical World.

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GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL,

23rd, 25th & 27th JUNE, 1862.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

NOTICE.—THE COMPLETE PROGRAMME of the Arrangements, with View of Orchestra of Four Thousand Performers and Block Plan of Reserved Seats, has been issued to the entire Post Office Court Directory, the Clergy List, the principal Clubs, the London and Country Press, all Railway Station Masters throughout the Country, and very extensively through other channels—Metropolitan, Provincial and Continental.

Persons or Institutions in England or abroad, not comprised within the above issue may receive the Programme on application at No. 2 Exeter Hall; if by letter, also enclosing the requisite stamps for two ounces, book-post.

Intending purchasers of tickets are reminded that the Ticket Offices at the Crystal Palace and at Exeter Hall will be open for the selection and disposal of Reserved Stall Tickets on Monday Morning, the 3rd of March.

From the number of names on the register for early information, and from the large increase of visitors to London for the International Exhibition, which will be in full operation during the time of the Festival, it is requisite to remind persons preferring seats in any particular block, that it is most essential they should apply as early as possible after the opening of the subscription books on the 3rd of March.

To ensure an equally fair issue of tickets to applicants from a distance, the Committee pledge themselves to allot the tickets alternately to personal or written applications, if accompanied by a remittance for the requisite amount. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be payable to the order of George Grove, Esq.

The price of tickets is Two and a-half Guineas the Set for the Three Days, or One Guinea for each ticket for One Day. A few Stalls will be reserved in each Corner Gallery at Five Guineas the Set.

THE ART-WORLD.

NEW ILLUSTRATED ART PAPER.

On SATURDAY, March 1, 1862, price FIVEPENCE (Stamped for Post SIXPENCE), No 1. of

THE ART-WORLD, AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITOR: a Weekly Illustrated Journal of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Ornamental Art and Manufactures, Engraving, Photography, Poetry, Music, the Drama, &c. Edited by HENRY ORTLEY, assisted by Writers of Eminence in the various departments of art.

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This Journal will give a faithful report of all the productions and doings in the whole circle of the Fine and Decorative Arts—Original Articles upon the History of Art, and the interests of Artists in their profession; Reviews of New Books relating to Art and Belles-Lettres; besides a summary of the proceedings of Artistic and Learned Societies, Art On-dits, Notes of Important Sales of Works of Art and Verbs, Correspondence, &c., copiously illustrated in a novel style.

The tone of criticism in THE ART-WORLD will be candid and impartial; intolerant of glaring error and presumptuous mediocrity; generous and encouraging in every case where merit or promise is recognised.

The contents of the International Exhibition of 1862, coming within the scope of Fine or Decorative Art, will be amply described and illustrated in THE ART-WORLD. Each Number of THE ART-WORLD will contain thirty-two handsome pages, printed in the best style upon paper of a fine quality.

Published by S. H. LINDLEY, at the Office, 13 Catherine Street, Strand, where communications for the Editor, Advertisements, &c., are to be addressed; and by KENT & Co., Paternoster Row.

WESTBOURNE HALL, WESTBOURNE GROVE, BAYSWATER.

THE BROTHERS BOOTH beg to announce to the Nobility, Gentry and the Public generally, that, owing to the very flattering reception they received at their first Concert in England in November last, they are induced again to appear at the above elegant Hall, on Monday, February 24th, 1862, on which occasion they have secured the assistance of the following eminent artists:—

Vocalists: Miss ELEONORA WILKINSON, Miss MARIAN WHEATLEY, Mr. TENNANT, and Mr. RAYMOND.

Instrumentalists: Solo Violin, Herr ALBERT BOOTH and Herr OTTO BOOTH; Solo Violoncello and Guitarr, Herr FERDINAND BOOTH; Solo Pianists, Mr. G. F. KIALLMARK and Herr S. LEMMEYER.

Concert to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Doors open at Half-past 7.

Tickets: Stalls and Balcony Stalls, 3s.; Reserved Seats and Balcony-Reserved, 2s.; Body of the Hall, 1s. To be had at the Music Warehouse of Mr. F. COPELY, Westbourne Grove; and at Messrs. BOYD'S residence, 39 Clarendon Road, Notting Hill; and on the evening of the Concert at the entrance of the Westbourne Hall.

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TO PROFESSORS OF MUSIC.—Unfurnished Apartments to be let, on the second floor in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, together with the use of a spacious room on the first floor for Classes. Apply at Messrs. BOOSEY & SONS, Music sellers, Holles Street Cavendish Square.

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MISS EMMA HEYWOOD will sing HENRY SMART'S new and popular Song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Myddleton Hall, on Monday Evening.

MISS ELEANOR WARD will play "QUI VIVE," Grand Galop de Concert (composed expressly for her by Herr WILHELM GANZ) and LITOLF'S "SPINNIED," on Wednesday, the 25th instant, at the Concert to be given at the St. James's Hall in aid of the SUFFERERS from the dreadful accident at the HARTLEY COLLIERY.

MISS ELEANOR WARD will play at the Grand Concert at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, in aid of the SUFFERERS from the late dreadful accident, on Friday, the 28th instant.

MR. LEWIS will sing BRINLEY RICHARDS' Popular Song, "THE HARP OF WALES," at the Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, on Saturday next, March 1st.

MR. LAMBERT will sing at the London Institution, Finsbury, Monday, February 24th, and the bass part in "Elijah," at the Musical Society of Bayswater, February 26th (Patrons, Professor S. Bennett, Cipriani Potter Esq., Sir F. Halliday, General Willoughby, &c. Conductor Mr. W. Carter), and "Dettingen Te Deum," Locke's Macbeth Music, and Mendelssohn's "I am a Roamer" (Son & Stranger), at Chelsea, February 27th, and at Camberwell, March 1st. 15 Adelaide Square, Windsor.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MISS MARTIN has the honour to announce her Grand Evening Concert on Tuesday, March 4th, at Eight o'clock.

Vocalists: Miss BANKS, Miss MARTIN, Miss M. BRADSHAW; Mr. WILBYE COOPER, Mr. WALTON SMITH, Mr. A. T. MATTACKS, Mr. ALLAN IRVING.

Instrumentalists: Pianoforte Miss FANNY HOWELL; Flute, Mr. R. S. PRATTEN; Violin, Mr. W. WATSON; Violoncello, Mr. AYLWARD.

Conductors: Mr. E. J. HOPKINS and Mr. AYLWARD. Solo Stalls, 5s. Balcony, 2s. 6d. Area 1s.

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THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

FOURTH SEASON, 1862.—THE FIRST TRIAL of NEW CHAMBER COMPOSITIONS will be held at the Marylebone Institution, 17 Edwards Street, Portman Square, on Wednesday Evening next, February 26th, at 8 o'clock precisely.

Members are admitted on presentation of their Ticket for 1862. Tickets not transferable.

N.B.—Evening Dress not necessary.

St. James's Hall, W.

CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.,
36 Baker Street, Portman Square.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

FOURTH SEASON, 1862.—The Members are hereby informed that the CHORAL PRACTICES will be resumed at the Marylebone Institution, 17 Edwards Street, Portman Square, on Tuesday Evening, March 4th, at 8 o'clock precisely; and that they will be continued on the following Tuesday Evenings, viz.—March 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th; April 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd; May 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th; June 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th; July 1st; November 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th; December 2nd, 9th, 16th.

Members will be required to produce their Tickets for 1862.

N.B.—Tickets not transferable. Chorus Director, Mr. HENRY SMART.
CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.,
St. James's Hall, W. 36 Baker Street, Portman Square.

M. SAINTON begs to announce that his **ANNUAL SOIREES**, for the performance of **CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC**, will take place at his residence, 5 Upper Wimpole Street, on the following dates, at half-past eight o'clock: Tuesdays, March, 4, 18, April, 1, and Wednesday, April 23.
 Executants: Messrs. SAINTON, POLLITZER, DOYLE, WEBB, PAQUE and PIATTI. A pianist of eminence will appear on each occasion.
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MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY begs to announce that her **MEETINGS for SINGING CONCERTED MUSIC** (for Ladies only), will be held on every Monday and Thursday throughout the season.
 Particulars can be obtained at Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY's residence, where the meetings take place, 5 Upper Wimpole Street.

M. GEORGI will sing at the Grand Concert to be given on Wednesday Evening, the 26th instant, in St. James's Hall, for the Benefit of the **BREAVED WIDOWS AND CHILDREN** of those who were killed by the dreadful accident at the **HARTEY COLLIERY**.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. **BRINLEY RICHARDS** has been engaged by the Cambrian Society to play his **WELCH FANTASIAS** at their Festival, on St. David's Day. These publications may be had of **ROBERT COCKS & Co.**, Publishers of the "Recollections of Wales" for the Pianoforte, in 12 Nos., 3s. each, or in one volume, bound, 21s.—New Burlington Street.

MESSRS. KLINDWORTH, H. BLAGROVE, DEICHMANN, R. BLAGROVE, and DAUBERT'S CONCERTS of **CHAMBER MUSIC** (Second Season), at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday Evenings, March 11 and 23, and April 8.
 Programme of the first Concert: Trios by **VOLKMAN and FRANK**, **BEETHOVEN'S** Trio for Violin, Viola and Violoncello in G, and Sonata (BACH). Vocalist, Miss **BANES**.
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MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THERE has been little novelty at the Royal Opera House lately, the attractions having consisted of *Nurmahal*, *La Fille du Régiment*, and the *Lac des Fées*. In the last-named *Mad. Masius-Braunhofer* sustains the part of the fairy Zeila, and makes more of it, both vocally and dramatically, than any of her predecessors whom I have seen undertake it here.

Leaving the stage awhile for the concert-room, I have to chronicle the third Soirée for Chamber Music, given by Herren Zimmermann and Stahlknecht, a very agreeable entertainment, with regard to the pieces selected, as well as to the manner in which they were executed. Among the old favourites were Schubert's Pianoforte Trio, Op. 100, and Beethoven's Quartet in F major. In the way of novelty, there was a Quartet by Herr Stahlknecht, of which I am inclined to think favourably. Herr Becker, who is well known as a violinist in Paris, and, if I mistake not, in London*, has produced a favourable impression of his talent, on the occasion of his first appearance here, when he played some Paganinian variations, and Mendelssohn's Violin-concerto. In the former he astonished the general public; in the latter he proved his right to be considered a musician fit to interpret the works of the giants of art. The programme of the fourth Sinfonie-concert, by the Royal Chapel, comprised Beethoven's Overture to *King Stephen*, Mozart's Symphony in G minor, the "Reigen seliger Geiste," from Gluck's *Orpheus*, Cherubini's Overture to *Anacreon*, and Beethoven's Symphony in C major—a goodly array, as I am prepared to assert against all comers, although, it is true, the first-named overture was a *pièce de circonstance*, and is one of the least vigorous compositions that ever came from the pen of the mighty master. Gluck's contribution delighted the audience so much that they insisted on its repetition, yet, to my mind, the effect would have been greater still, had the well-known "Dance of Furies," from the same opera, been played first, as on former occasions. Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*—one of the show-pieces, by the bye, of the Royal Chapel—fully maintained its old popularity. That both symphonies were performed in a manner worthy of this celebrated band, it is perhaps, superfluous to add. That of Beethoven's I never heard more beautifully rendered. At the third concert of the Sing-academie the attraction was Blumner's oratorio of *Abraham*, first performed by the Society in March 1860. The choruses were given with great precision, and materially enhanced the effect of the solos, in which, on the present occasion, Herr Krause, of the Royal Opera House, took part.

A large number of invitations was issued for the last Court Concert, in the White Hall of the Royal Palace, M. Meyerbeer, Royal Musical Director-general, acting as conductor. The first piece in the programme was Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*; then followed the "Waltz-song," from M. Gounod's *Faust*, sung by Mlle. Lucca, and the "Inflammatus," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, by Mad. Köster. The first part was brought to a conclusion by the "Miserere," from *Il Trovatore*. The second part began with the introductory music and bridal chorus from *Lohengrin*. Next came G. M. Gounod's "Ave Maria," sung by Mad. Köster, with violin accompaniment by Herr Becker; and finally M. Meyerbeer's imposing "Coronation March," performed by two orchestras, the effect of which was exceedingly grand.

Mozart's birthday, the 27th January, was allowed to pass over without any particular demonstration on the part of amateurs and professors here. About the only exception was the performance of the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, and the Symphony in C with Fugue (*Jupiter*), at the fifth Soirée for classical orchestral music, given by Herr Liebig.

Herr Hans von Bülow has returned from the Netherlands, where, according to report, he was very successful; but then Herr von Bülow is pianist to the king, and the good Netherlands, like the Germans, have great respect for any one who is "Königlicher" this, or "Hof" that. The gentle musician's *cheval de bataille* appears to have been Liszt's Transcription of the waltz from M. Gounod's *Faust*, which he played at almost every concert. He is loud in praise of the orchestras in Holland.

The Italian performances at the Royal Opera House were brought to a close a few days since. A season of three months in Berlin may be taken as a fair test of the capabilities of the company; the mere fact that the original term agreed on, namely, two months, was extended to three, is a convincing proof of their excellence. Yet an attentive observer could easily perceive the difference between this year and the preceding ones. There was no such lively interest as in the previous season, and scarcely any enthusiasm, while, when there was any manifestation of the latter feeling, it was confined to a few individuals. Whence arose this coolness?

Whence sprang this sudden want of sympathy? Were not the greatest female artists in the world assembled here? Was not the favourite of favourites with the Berlin public, namely, Zelia Trebelli, again engaged? Were not the Sisters Marchisio, and Adelina Patti, who was preceded by so brilliant a reputation, worthy of the most lively interest? We must seek for the reasons of public apathy in some other circumstance. Many will assert that the want of a good tenor was the principal cause. Without absolutely denying the truth of this assertion, I believe it cannot be logically maintained. I must, therefore, seek some other reason. For two years, the public had given itself up to the intoxicating excitement of Italian music; raving about *La Traviata*; in raptures with *Rigoletto*; worshipping *Il Trovatore*. I mean, of course, only the great mass of the public, for competent judges were invariably calm and moderate. Without wishing to dispute the excellences of the above operas, to which some few others might be added, I say that, for German tastes, they do not, in the long run, possess sufficient attraction to create a lasting enthusiasm. Accomplished singers appeared and charmed the public, and, in the general excitement, even persons of less talent were accounted great. Such was the state of Italian operas in past years, a state which justified Eugenio Merelli, who could call the greatest artistic celebrities his own, in looking forward, full of hope, to the season just over. But circumstances had changed. The result of two years' rapture was a marked reaction; and now ensued a want of interest, bordering upon apathy. Much has been said and written for and against Italian Opera in Berlin. Some thought it unequalled for, while others regarded it as a necessity in "the metropolis of art."* Without adopting either of these views, I confine myself to fact, and, from the experience gained, believe I am justified in saying that a mediocre Italian company dares no longer show itself here, and that even a combination of first-rate artists, such as we had last season, would find it difficult to maintain a position for any lengthened period. A retrospective glance at the events of the now defunct season, will prove that the *impresario* Merelli has deserved the thanks of the public, though much is due, on the other hand, to the Intendance-general, who, at a large sacrifice, provided a body of singers, such as few Italian theatres in Europe could show. Italian Opera has become a matter of fashion; the members of the Parisian *beau monde* meet each other at the Théâtre Italien, while the rendezvous of the London aristocracy is Covent Garden Theatre. But apart from this national and fashionable view of the case, which, at Berlin, may, perhaps, be placed in the background, an annual and not immoderately extended series of Italian performances possesses attraction for amateurs and professional men; and when artists of first-rate talent are engaged, it is of undoubted value. If, therefore, Herr von Hülsen made a sacrifice for the sake of art, he ought not to be blamed, but, on the contrary, is entitled to gratitude. By introducing singers of the first class, his object was to give the art establishment intrusted to his care its proper rank.

The season began with the Sisters Marchisio, who alone sufficed to keep alive public interest for months. Then there was Mlle. Trebelli, who showered out, in a single breath, an entire cornucopia of *bravura* and *soffeggi*, entrancing with the nobleness of her style, and conquering with the clear, bell-like tones of her voice. Mlle. Rideri and Brunetti (to proceed) were also valuable acquisitions; and, last not least, Adelina Patti, the girlish vocalist, who speedily transported her English triumphs here, and, by a rich combination of artistic excellences, brought the season to a brilliant conclusion. Six such ladies in one company is almost unexampled, and shows clearly the object of the management of the Royal Theatre to have been the gratification of the public. If we cannot think as favourably of the gentlemen, the reason is that even in Italy there are not many really great men-singers; and that we must be content with such as can with least discredit fill their place. Signore Zacchi, Agnesi, and Squarcia, were very good, and if the tenors Pancani, Montanaro and Tiberini, were less commendable, a double obligation is due to Herr Theodor Fernes, for having, with such readiness, come to the rescue of the Italian repertory, and enabling *Lucia* and *Il Trovatore* to be played towards the close of the season.

Sig. Orsini conducted the performances in a manner which showed him thoroughly acquainted with the repertory, the style in which he got up *Un Ballo in Maschera* especially demonstrating his musical ability.—The Italians have left Berlin, but, it is hoped, only to return next winter and delight us with more that is beautiful and new.

VALE.

HAMBURG.—The members of the orchestra and chorus at the Stadt theatre lately serenaded Herr Neswadba for the great pains he took in getting up M. Gounod's *Faust*.

* Monday Popular Concerts, to wit.—Ed.

* What will Paris say to this?—Ed.

THE MENTAL HISTORY OF POETRY.*

By JOSEPH GODDARD.

"To search through all I felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law."

Tennyson.

Now, in those art-circumstances incident to the times we have alluded to, before those external conditions essential for the formation of Painting and Music existed, before science had dawned, before the simple and precious ore of Music was separated from the miscellaneous and earthy materials surrounding it, when it was scarcely seen to exist, before it was gathered even into the vaguest system, whilst it had not conformed a rudiment of its science, or assumed a feature in art; and when Painting was seldom seen, ere any of the sciences and preliminary studies which precede it were begun to be cultivated,—the finest and the only general medium of demonstration which man possessed was,—language. Consequently in language that high and comprehensive internal flow of admiration, that abstract rapture of emotion resulting from a keen moral susceptibility, a bright and broad imaginative expanse, a full mental endowment, acting upon all the grandeur, beauty, wisdom and worth of the external world,—sought expression. On language this inherent spirituality in man, this eternal sunshine of the mind, poured its lustre and kindled it into song.

From the circumstances we have considered, it would appear that Poetry, at the period in question, existed to a great extent of necessity—that is, in the absence of Painting and Music to divert the stream of æsthetic expression. It may be observed, however, that it is not here intended to imply that at this period there would be no strong predisposition in some minds to adopt other art-expression than that of Poetry; but that, however favourably many natures may have then been inwardly endowed for demonstrating the arts of Music or Painting, this primary endowment, from want of the necessary shaping by cultivation, and the essential guide and inspiration of previous example, besides the minor artificial requisites which the illustration of these arts involve, and which can only exist in a rather highly civilised age,—from the absence of these outward conditions, the most favourably endowed tendencies in the direction of the above arts could scarcely have accomplished any noticeable result, or conducted the mind of their possessor to any adequate expression of his ideas,—and that these circumstances would tend to drive the mind for expression into the freer and more attainable medium of Poetry.

The reader is now in possession of the circumstances whence we derived the conclusion, essayed in page 101, that Poetry was the primeval art—the commencing link in that grand and golden chain of the fine arts which encircles and adorns life—the first shining herald from the human mind of their bright existence and future reign.

Having now separated the art of Poetry, with regard to its physical constitution, from that of the sister arts, Painting and Music, showing that the material of its effect is of a compound and negative character, whilst that of the other arts is pure and of positive influence; at the same time having shown, on the other hand, that Poetry, in its effect, is intimately connected with those arts, inasmuch as it absorbs much of the æsthetic instinct, whose pure tendency is in their direction. Having observed that Poetry is the *primeval* art, that it shines in the dawn of *all* art, carrying at this period the whole burthen of that wide expression,—bearing in its channel the main stream of that full spring tide of admiration which, inspired by nature, is ever flowing through the mind and from the heart of man, and shining on the record of the world as the one tribute of intelligent nature to that invisible spring of beauty, "the varied God," on the part of *all* nature: the moral stream of art shining to the heavens, though within it carrying the images of earth, and bringing down upon the earth the high glories—and mingling its images with the deep and bright infinity—of the skies. Having observed the circumstances which caused such an influence to assume the form of Poetry, and Poetry alone, we shall proceed to consider the im-

mediate process of the formation of Poetry more in detail, and thus enter upon that portion of our inquiry, anticipated in page 87, respecting the separate and foreign art-influence which invests it. And whether we consider this separate influence with reference to former times, or all times, the principles which regulate it are the same in all circumstances: it is simply the presence in Poetry of instincts tending and belonging to the other arts, as to Music or Painting, but which, through absence of appropriately specific demonstrative endowments, or through other and still more external desiderata, such as the existence of the arts to which these instincts relate at the requisite point of development, the instincts themselves, in the necessary vigour and ardour, or the domination of the special poetic instinct (the consideration of which, by the bye, has not yet been arrived at), which, through some of these causes, have retired from or been baffled in, other art-directions, and sought the channel of Poetry, and, whilst adopting poetical expression, still influencing and modifying the character of that expression.

In appealing to language as a medium wherewith to reproduce *some influence of admiration*, it is obvious the first proceeding would be to adopt that process which involves language only in its simple application, which employs it in its common and ordinary capacity of suggestiveness alone, namely, *literal description*. This ordinary use of language would go to form the framework, the necessary subject-matter of the æsthetic intention; and under the inspiration of the Poet, it would soon be observed to define the *outline* of the poetical idea, to portray the general material *likeness* of those objects which lit the fire of his imagination; or, if the influences of his admiration were qualities instead of objects or persons,—then this literal description would be observed to prepare the essential physical circumstances, by the narration of actions or events, appropriate for the display of the qualities in question. This literal reproductive process alone would be sufficient to invest with replete form an unpretending poetical idea—to reproduce a simple object of Poetic admiration—and where that idea unites the qualities of conciseness, originality, with that of not involving circumstances or effects lying far without ordinary experience, it suffices to produce simple but very effective Poetry, as in the following example:

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;"

But in investigating the component character of poetical reproduction and expression, there is soon seen to manifest itself the instinct of Painting and Music. First, with reference to Painting, it is soon evident that the poet begins to borrow that richness, that *beauty in the abstract*, which a vivid and lavish portrayal of natural objects and effects can confer upon his literal description. The abstract and always mysteriously gratifying influence of *colour*, of *light*, of *space*; the influence of *form* and of *natural arrangement*, is evidently understood by the poet, and is highly conspicuous in all Poetry. This fact is exemplified in that tendency which prevails in Poetry to *adorn* its circumstances with all the splendour,—or, on the other hand, gird them in all the glowing force, massive grandeur, or desolate picturesqueness—of effect, which these attributes of the material world, handled by nature, or by one who understands nature as a painter, can be made to convey. This accounts for much of that varied and powerful *scenic* effect in Poetry, for the poetical tendency to clothe persons, objects and circumstances in that condensed fullness and force of natural colouring—to surround them with that redundant array of natural imagery, beautiful or austere, which is scarcely compatible with reality. All this is the working within the poet of the *painter's instinct*.

Here is an example of a person thus clothed with, and associated with, a teeming abundance of natural charm, in Tennyson's "Eleanore":—

"Far off from human neighbourhood,
Thou wert born on a summer morn,
A mile beneath the cedar-wood.
Thy bounteous forehead was not fanned
With breezes from our oaken glades,
But thou wert nursed in some delicious land
Of lavish lights and floating shades;"

* Continued from page 102.

And flattering thy childish thought
The Oriental fairy brought,
At the moment of thy birth,
From old well heads of haunted rills,
And the hearts of purple hills,
And shadowed coves on a sunny shore,
The choicest wealth of all the earth,
Jewel or shell or starry ore,
To deck thy cradle, Eleanore."

Again, this instinct is visible in Poetry, not only with reference to the materials, requisite for natural scenic effect, themselves, but with respect to the *manner* in which these materials are used, the way in which they are wielded, the *method* in which they are rendered productive of effect. Thus we may observe in poetical description all that effect which can be wrought by skillful and intelligent "touch," that wonderful efficacy, that characteristic expression and ultimate aim of effort which is produced through a *few strokes*; and here the presence of the painter's instinct in Poetry is more visible than ever; for it is in this faculty of attaining the desired effect—as in many cases only that effect can be attained—by one or a few strokes, where more particularly the artistic genius resides; and no one, not even a painter, will dispute that this quality is observable, and to its highest and most meritorious exemplifications, in the works of great poets. In the following example the salient features of Rhine scenery are rapidly selected by the eye of the bard, and thus projected into a poetical picture:—

"The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped, as they had turrets been."

Here are materials not only for one, but for many pictures; and it is worthy of observation how finely the different materials of natural effect are contrasted in the above example, how skilfully and artistically they are arranged, as in the passage italicised, where the forest's growth is so romantically associated with Gothic walls. There is, moreover, visible in the above,—the power of grasping extraordinary *breadth* of effect, and expressing it in one stroke. Thus, what a *sweep* of natural scenery is embraced in the expression, "the negligently grand!" What an *illimitable* array of charm is pictured, when side by side with this is suggested "the fruitful bloom of coming ripeness." "The white city's sheen," connected by "the rolling stream" with "the precipice's gloom," both in *propriety* of arrangement and *contrast* of effect, is, to say the least, unexceptionable and most picturesque and graphic, and of itself would require more than one picture of the artist for its portrayal.

Besides the substantiation of this truth of the general presence of the painter's instinct in Poetry, which examples from the works of all great poets (of which many more might be adduced) supply; the fact, that it is the continual and general custom of a large class of artists to draw the subjects of their pictures from the poet, and literally *follow* the poet in his projection of natural scenes and effects, would afford adequate proof of the same;—of this presence of the painter's instinct, his love of nature, his susceptibility to her varied phases of manifestation and impression, his delicate and truthful discernment of her effects, and his intelligence of the aesthetic principles of those effects, consequently his power of reproducing them or conceiving them—being strongly recognisable in Poetry.

(To be Continued.)

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Six representations of Mr. Benedict's new opera have thoroughly established its success. On Saturday night the house was literally "cramped;" the opera was listened to with the same lively satisfaction as on the night of the first performance; the same pieces were singled out for applause and "encores," alike hearty and unanimous; the principal singers were recalled after every act; and, at the conclusion, in obedience to a rapturous summons, the composer himself appeared before the curtain.

Enough has been said about the book, and when it is stated that the task of preparing verses for the songs and concerted music, has been accomplished in such a manner as to combine sense and poetry with

lyric numbers—a desideratum too often unsupplied in operatic *libretti*, our duty in this respect is fulfilled. It is too late in the day to enter critically into the literary and dramatic merits of *The Colleen Bawn*; and the question of whether such a subject was well suited for musical treatment is simply one of taste. Whatever objections might be laid would, in most instances, apply with equal strength to *Der Freischütz*, *Dinorah*, and other operas of forest, pastoral, or village life. The incidents of the water-cave are not a bit more melodramatic than those of the flood-scene in *Dinorah*, the only drawback lying in this fact—that as Eily, Myles, and Danny Mann are not all three brought in face to face contact, there is no opportunity for such a grand trio-finale as Meyerbeer has contrived for *Dinorah*, Hoel, and Corentin. Myles-na-Coppaleen mistakes Danny for an otter, and shoots him, it is true; but a trio for soprano, tenor, and bass, with an imaginary otter for bass, would hardly, we think, be acceptable. As the original play is reconstructed, it presents quite sufficient dramatic "effect," variety of character, and hints for local colouring; and of all these Mr. Benedict has availed himself with the utmost skill. If no one would speak, or rather attempt to speak, with the Irish "brogue," except Mr. Dussek, the representative of Corrigan—whose impersonation, by the way, though a little overdone, exhibits a considerable amount of humour—there would be really nothing to complain of. Allowing for ever so many deficiencies, however, the opera has won the ear and the admiration of the public.

The general characteristics of Mr. Benedict's music are precisely what we had a right to expect from Weber's most gifted disciple (the late Heinrich Marschner not excepted), and the author of so many genuine melodies. It is strange, that since 1846 when *The Crusaders*, his third English opera was produced at Drury Lane Theatre—a dramatic composer of such eminence should have been neglected by the directors of our operatic establishments, and stranger still when it is remembered that, in the interim, Mr. Benedict has been constantly producing works that are now universally praised. To mention no others his *Undine*, as full of dramatic power as of bright tune and harmonious beauty, has been talked of ever since its production at the Norwich Festival, and rendered the name of its composer "familiar as a household word." The fame of this may probably have reminded the spirited managers of the Royal English Opera that the musician who wrote *The Gipsy's Warning*, *The Brides of Venice*, and *The Crusaders*, was still alive, and still in the undisturbed possession of his inventive faculties.

The Lily of Killarney is divided into three acts—the first being the longest and best, the second the next longest and next best, the third the shortest and, on the whole, least vigorous. It could hardly have been otherwise. As with the music so it is with the *libretto*. Mr. Benedict is always equal to the situation he has to deal with; indeed, he not seldom rises above it; but he must bend perforce to the absolute conditions of his *libretto*. A German in musical taste, although a naturalised Englishman in fact, he has treated his subject just as any of his aspiring compatriots would have done (granting them the ability), and especially his master, Weber. He has idealised it from first to last. Not alone Danny Mann, but Hardress Cregan, Myles-na-Coppaleen, and Eily herself, are raised into a higher region by the wand of the musical enchanter. On the other hand, with a felicity that very few German theatrical composers have exhibited, he has caught the national melody of the country in which the plot of his opera is laid, and has used it with undeviating propriety as a sort of harmonious undercurrent. This he has effected by artistic touches here and there, never interfering with the main design, nor appearing where—as in the higher passages of feeling—the imitation of peculiar turns of melody, &c., would be obtrusive and a mere trick of handling. A thorough master of all the resources of instrumentation, he has made the orchestra everywhere subservient to his ends, and by well imagined combinations, introduced at not too frequent intervals, has obtained the characteristic colouring alluded to wherever it was most essential and wherever it was sure not to interfere with any graver purpose—such as the portrayal of strong emotion or the delineation of powerfully dramatic climax. But to leave generalities: the overture is what it should be—a pastoral, and in its way a *petit chef-d'œuvre*, sparkling, dramatic, full of tune, and scored to perfection. The introduction to the first act, in which Hardress and his guests are assembled on the eve of the intended wedding, is alone an ample apology for the interpolation of a new scene, by way of prologue, into Mr. Bonicault's well-known drama. Nothing could be more spirited or more cleverly designed. Hardress's song, "The bachelor's life," contrasts most effectively with the choral acclamations of his more boisterous companions, besides being genial in itself; while the chorus which brings the introduction to an end—"A race now by moonlight"—delivered first by the men, then by the women, and then by both simultaneously, is lifelike, animated, and full of the subject. In the solidity of this introduction, which is not the less brilliant

THE MENTAL HISTORY OF POETRY.*

By JOSEPH GODDARD.

"To search through all I felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law."

Tennyson.

Now, in those art-circumstances incident to the times we have alluded to, before those external conditions essential for the formation of Painting and Music existed, before science had dawned, before the simple and precious ore of Music was separated from the miscellaneous and earthy materials surrounding it, when it was scarcely seen to exist, before it was gathered even into the vaguest system, whilst it had not conformed a rudiment of its science, or assumed a feature in art; and when Painting was seldom seen, ere any of the sciences and preliminary studies which precede it were begun to be cultivated,—the finest and the only general medium of demonstration which man possessed was,—language. Consequently in language that high and comprehensive internal flow of admiration, that abstract rapture of emotion resulting from a keen moral susceptibility, a bright and broad imaginative expanse, a full mental endowment, acting upon all the grandeur, beauty, wisdom and worth of the external world,—sought expression. On language this inherent spirituality in man, this eternal sunshine of the mind, poured its lustre and kindled it into song.

From the circumstances we have considered, it would appear that Poetry, at the period in question, existed to a great extent of necessity—that is, in the absence of Painting and Music to divert the stream of æsthetic expression. It may be observed, however, that it is not here intended to imply that at this period there would be no strong predisposition in some minds to adopt other art-expression than that of Poetry; but that, however favourably many natures may have then been inwardly endowed for demonstrating the arts of Music or Painting, this primary endowment, from want of the necessary shaping by cultivation, and the essential guide and inspiration of previous example, besides the minor artificial requisites which the illustration of these arts involve, and which can only exist in a rather highly civilised age,—from the absence of these outward conditions, the most favourably endowed tendencies in the direction of the above arts could scarcely have accomplished any noticeable result, or conducted the mind of their possessor to any adequate expression of his ideas,—and that these circumstances would tend to drive the mind for expression into the freer and more attainable medium of Poetry.

The reader is now in possession of the circumstances whence we derived the conclusion, essayed in page 101, that Poetry was the primeval art—the commencing link in that grand and golden chain of the fine arts which encircles and adorns life—the first shining herald from the human mind of their bright existence and future reign.

Having now separated the art of Poetry, with regard to its physical constitution, from that of the sister arts, Painting and Music, showing that the material of its effect is of a compound and negative character, whilst that of the other arts is pure and of positive influence; at the same time having shown, on the other hand, that Poetry, in its effect, is intimately connected with those arts, inasmuch as it absorbs much of the æsthetic instinct, whose pure tendency is in their direction. Having observed that Poetry is the *primeval* art, that it shines in the dawn of all art, carrying at this period the whole burthen of that wide expression,—bearing in its channel the main stream of that full spring tide of admiration which, inspired by nature, is ever flowing through the mind and from the heart of man, and shining on the record of the world as the one tribute of intelligent nature to that invisible spring of beauty, "the varied God," on the part of all nature: the moral stream of art shining to the heavens, though within it carrying the images of earth, and bringing down upon the earth the high glories—and mingling its images with the deep and bright infinity—of the skies. Having observed the circumstances which caused such an influence to assume the form of Poetry, and Poetry alone, we shall proceed to consider the imme-

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In appealing to language as a medium wherewith to reproduce some influence of admiration,* it is obvious the first proceeding would be to adopt that process which involves language only in its simple application, which employs it in its common and ordinary capacity of suggestiveness alone, namely, *literal description*. This ordinary use of language would go to form the framework, the necessary subject-matter of the æsthetic intention; and under the inspiration of the Poet, it would soon be observed to define the outline of the poetical idea, to portray the general material likeness of those objects which lit the fire of his imagination; or, if the influences of his admiration were qualities instead of objects or persons,—then this literal description would be observed to prepare the essential physical circumstances, by the narration of actions or events, appropriate for the display of the qualities in question. This literal reproductive process alone would be sufficient to invest with replete form an unpretending poetical idea—to reproduce a simple object of Poetic admiration—and where that idea unites the qualities of conciseness, originality, with that of not involving circumstances or effects lying far without ordinary experience, it suffices to produce simple but very effective Poetry, as in the following example:

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for being well-knit, the German training as well as the German sentiment of the composer is manifest; here, in short, Mr. Benedict, notwithstanding the old English or Irish cut of the tune allotted to Hardress, is fairly, if unconsciously, in "Vaterland." This enlivening commencement is successfully followed up in the serenade and duet for Danny Mann and Hardress ("The moon has raised her lamp above")—the "signal duet" as it is called—a piece which, though not in a rhythmical sense so entirely original as many other things in the opera, must inevitably attract musicians by its ingenious construction just as much as it delights the public by its graceful melody and its admirable appropriateness to the situation. The quartet ("Oh, never was seen such a beautiful star")—in which the two characters already named take the chief part, while Mrs. Cregan and Corrigan are in the background—shows Mr. Benedict again in "Vaterland," and could only have been written by one to whom the music of Weber was as much "a feeling" as "high mountains" to Lord Byron. Myles-na-Coppaleen's first air is in its way irreproachable. The recitative, in the minor key, is as plaintive as the air, in the major ("It is a charming girl I love"), is hearty and tuneful. The burden of this is repeatedly alluded to during the opera, especially when Myles is soliloquising. Eily's first air is to the one already mentioned that the Colleen Bawn is to her unrequited but constant lover. Just as characteristic as the other, "In my wild mountain valley" becomes proportionately more expressive. Myles's song is the manifestation of a love for one in the same sphere as the singer, but Eily's love moves in a higher sphere than her own; and there is in the beautiful melody with which Mr. Benedict has been inspired by this nice distinction, something of "the desire of the moth for the star" which one of our great poets has apostrophised so eloquently. It is replete alike with dejection and aspiration—the first being conspicuous in the opening, which is in the minor key, the last in the exquisite burden—

"And, led by my taper's bright shining,
He comes o'er the waters to me,"

—which is in the major. The whole nature of the "Colleen Bawn" is foreshadowed in this and in another song to which we shall presently allude. Of the "Cruiskeen Lawn"—arranged in quartet for Eily, Sheelah, Myles, and Father Tom (Eily principal)—we can only say that never was national melody (whether Irish, Scotch, or English)—and Mr. W. Chappell, an excellent authority, tells us that it is English, the name of the original tune being "St. Paul's steeple" treated in a more discreet, and, at the same time, ingenious manner. Mr. Benedict again, by a few artistic touches, has enriched the melody and enhanced its intrinsic beauty. The *finale* to the first act is in some respects a masterpiece. The duet for Eily and Hardress, with which it commences, reveals a touch of Spohr, and is at any rate for the most part essentially German in feeling. The rest is as forcible as it is musicianlike. The concluding quartet has, it is true, a strident passage, in unison, of the Donizetti and Verdi school; but that is only one element in the general effect. The situation, the strongest in the opera, could hardly have been treated more powerfully.

The hunting chorus—"Tally ho'oh!" with solos, interspersed, for Anne Chute, is as bright and cheerful as could be wished; nor from a musical point of view is there anything to be said in disparagement of the florid air for Anne Chute ("The eye of love is keen"), and the duet into which it merges; though it was certainly difficult for the composer to make as much of Hardress with the rich heiress as of Hardress with the poor and low-born "Colleen." The next piece—a trio for Hardress, Corrigan, and Mrs. Cregan (the accompaniment to which occasionally reminds us of Spohr's overture to *Faust*)—is one of the most striking and ably-written concerted pieces in the opera. Here once more our composer is dreaming listlessly in "Vaterland." The following duet (where Danny Mann obtains the glove from Mrs. Cregan), in the first movement, again shows Mr. Benedict's predilection for Spohr (whose style he can emulate without borrowing his ideas), and in the last—a pompous military *refrain*, in which the purity of the Cregan escutcheon is duly apostrophised—an entirely independent train of thought, hardly of a colour with the rest. Danny Mann's *scena*—however difficult it may be to imagine Danny Mann singing it—is another masterpiece. Nothing in the whole work is more touchingly expressive than the slow movement, "The Colleen Bawn, the Colleen Bawn!" while the *allegro*, fiery and passionate, is rife with the very spirit of Weber, whose name might have been attached to it without fear of questioning. To this fine piece succeeds what, in our opinion, is—to speak in conventional language—"the gem of the opera." The ballad, "I'm alone, I'm alone," would seem to have sprung from the fountain head of Irish tune, so quaint is it, so plaintive, and at the same time so spontaneous. Has Mr. Benedict obtained access to some hitherto undiscovered works of Carolan? Yes or no, that Carolan, in his best moments of inspiration might have produced just such a melody, is as positive, as that, under

any circumstances, Carolan could never have clothed it in such perfect harmony. There was a time when such an air as this, so beautiful and so instinct with the Irish character, would in itself have sufficed to make an opera; but the Webers and Rossinis, the Meyerbeers and Aubers of our day, have taught the public to expect some half-dozen more or less perfect things in every opera—just as it was when Mozart filled all Europe with melody, and Cimarosa and Paisiello sang what J. S. Bach would have called "the pretty Italian tunes," in the favoured cities of the South. Happily Mr. Benedict, in *The Lily of Killarney*, has not been reduced to such straits as to make the success of his opera depend upon one song; but, like his gifted contemporaries, has been able to "crowd his score with tune." Between Eily's ballad and the *finale* there is an extremely clever and dramatically conceived duet between the heroine and her humble adorer, in which Myles warns Eily against Danny Mann. In this, as in so many other parts of the opera, Mr. Benedict, while clinging to the traditions of "Vaterland," evinces a fluency which can only have been derived from an intimate knowledge and thorough appreciation of the best Italian models. The music of the water-cave scene, in which occurs the incident of the "header," and other points not easily amenable to anything higher than a purely melodramatic treatment, has in no way daunted the composer. The introduction of a chorus of boatmen, in the distance, was a happy idea, and is in an equal degree effective, whether as a prelude to what follows or as a sequel to the whole, to which its reiteration, as the curtain falls, gives a sort of poetical consistency. All the purely melodramatic music is excellent—picturesque as well as melodious, the occasional snatches of Myles's song, "There's but one Colleen Bawn," forming another happy connecting link. For a grand concerted *finale* there was, as we have hinted, no opportunity; but Mr. Benedict (like Weber in the incantation scene in *Der Freischütz*) has managed to create and sustain a lively interest without this important musical accessory. That the dignity of his work in some degree suffers from its absence must be admitted; but under the circumstances there was no help—"header" and grand *finale* together being incompatible.

Act III. begins with a remarkably graceful serenade ("Lullaby") for Myles, addressed to the sleeping "Colleen," to which succeeds an admirably written trio for Eily, Myles and Father Tom. We have then the wedding music, comprising a chorus with ballet, and a charming address for the bridesmaids ("Let the mystic orange flowers"), all showy and brilliant, and like the trio in the legitimate school of German dramatic art. The "popular ballad" of the opera, "Eily mavourneen"—sung by the repentant Hardress, who imagines that Eily is dead—is far above the ordinary calibre of such things, being elegant without the slightest tinge of commonplace. In this respect words and music are well matched, and might serve as healthy models for the future. The concerted piece which follows, and may be regarded as the commencement to the last *finale*, is ingeniously constructed, and includes a trio for Mrs. Cregan, Anne Chute, and Hardress ("From the window, haste away"), in the shape of a round or canon, which will hardly fail to enlist the attention and approval of connoisseurs. The final air for Eily ("By sorrow tried severely"), chiefly noticeable for its buoyant and cheerful melody, is, nevertheless, appropriate to the situation, and brings down the curtain with unmistakeable effect.

We have spoken in general terms of the performance, and have only to add a word or two about the representatives of the *dramatis personæ*. Miss Louisa Pyne, both in a musical and dramatic sense, is an ideal "Colleen Bawn." About her execution of music the effect of which depends on fluent and brilliant vocalisation enough, though certainly not too much, has been written; but in the two songs of Eily, and especially the last, "I'm alone, I'm alone," she rivals the sweetest singers any period and of any clime. More perfect and touching expression was never listened to. Mr. Harrison, in Myles-na-Coppaleen, has added another to his recent list of "genre" characters, in which his stage-tact and histrionic proficiency stand him in such good stead. His music, too, suits him entirely, and he delivers it *con amore* throughout. Miss Susan Pyne cannot make herself look precisely old enough for the mother of Hardress; but what she lacks in age she atones for in a spirited conception of the part. Miss Jessie McLean improves, and it depends upon herself to make further progress. With a voice at once so flexible and agreeable there is nothing (she herself "willing") to prevent her attaining an honourable position. Industry and application will effect all that is required. Mr. Haigh, too, is advancing. On the whole, Hardress is the part in which he has appeared to most advantage. As specimens of his singing, the duet with Mr. Santley in the first act, and the ballad, "Eily mavourneen," may be cited with special commendation. To Mr. Dussek allusion has been made. Mr. Patey has an ungrateful part in Father Tom, but as far as the music goes he made the most of it. For Mr. Santley no praise can be excessive. To specify what he sings well in the somewhat high-flown music allotted to Danny

Mann would be to single out almost every passage; but not to name the *scena* of the second act, beginning with the slow movement, "The Colleen Bawn, the Colleen Bawn!" as among the finest pieces of dramatic singing that have been heard for years upon the stage, would be to leave unnoticed one of the most remarkable features in the performance of Mr. Benedict's deservedly successful opera. To the chorus, the orchestra, and Mr. Alfred Mellon, their talented and indefatigable chief, justice has already been rendered. Such auxiliaries in an operatic performance on the grand scale of the Royal English Opera are invaluable. They give life and spirit to the whole.—*Times*, Feb. 17.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE concert on Monday night (the 75th) was interesting for several reasons. The programme contained three pieces which had not previously been heard—viz., Cherubini's third quartet (in C major), the *andante* and *scherzo* from Mendelssohn's unfinished quartet (No. 7), and Hummel's trio in E major, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello. It was the last appearance of M. Sainton, and the first of Mr. Sims Reeves. M. Sainton's engagement has been a legitimate success. The great French violinist has shown that his style was neither French, German, Italian, nor Belgian, but cosmopolitan, and that the works of every master came easy to his hand, and lay entirely within the sphere of his appreciation. More vigorous, chaste, and unaffected playing could not be wished. On Monday, as though to give *éclat* to his temporary retirement, M. Sainton played, as it seemed to us, even better than at any previous concert. The quartet of Cherubini—a truly grand work, originally composed as an orchestral symphony—is a severe test for the most expert violinist; and equally so, in a totally different style, are the movements from the posthumous quartet of Mendelssohn. Both, however, were perfectly executed, the *scherzo* of Mendelssohn (a thoroughly Mendelssohnian inspiration, full of the spirit and humour of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) being encored and repeated. M. Sainton's coadjutors were MM. Ries, Webb and Piatti—Mr. Webb especially winning distinction in the first variation of Mendelssohn's *andante*, where the theme is given to the viola. Signor Piatti, who has but lately returned from his tour with Mad. Goldschmidt-Lind, remains where he was—at the head of all existing violoncellists. In the quartet of Cherubini he was a tower of strength; while the fairy-like passages of Mendelssohn's *scherzo* were touched with a delicacy scarcely less ethereal than themselves. To Mr. Hallé, the pianist of the evening, was assigned the solo sonata of Beethoven, Op. 26 (with the variations and funeral march)—how he plays which need not be told. In the trio of Hummel (with M. Sainton and Signor Piatti), Mr. Hallé's execution could hardly have been excelled in neatness, grace, and vigour by the composer himself, one of the greatest masters of the instrument in an age prolific of great masters. The trios of Hummel (whose music, by the way, is happily becoming more in vogue at these concerts than was formerly the case) are precisely the cheerful, brilliant sort of pieces to wind up the concerts with effect, and send away the audience in good spirits. The trio in E is among the most spirited and attractive of the seven; but every one of the remaining six deserves a hearing.

For Mr. Sims Reeves, who received the hearty welcome to which his rare merits as a singer of classical music entitle him, two of the finest songs of Beethoven were selected—"Oh, beautiful daughter of the starry night" (in the original, "*Busslied*"), and the *Lieder-Kreis*—"An die ferne Geliebte" ("To the distant beloved"), six songs in one, each a melody, and the whole, combined, a masterpiece which even Beethoven has not surpassed. Both were grandly sung, and after both Mr. Reeves was recalled with enthusiasm; but, as a matter of course, the incomparable *Lieder-Kreis* was the most striking display. Although the six songs comprise in all some thirty verses, the earnest and impassioned manner in which they were delivered held the audience spell-bound to the end, a genuine burst of applause testifying to the delight they had experienced. The other singer was Miss Susanna Cole, whose fresh and attractive voice is getting more and more thoroughly under the control of its possessor. In Mr. Henry Smart's elegant canzonet, "Soft and bright the gems of night," and in an exquisite "Lullaby" of the 17th century ("Golden slumbers kiss your eyes"), for the revival of which we are indebted to the indefatigable research of Mr. W. Chappell (in whose "Popular Music of the Olden Time" it finds a place), Miss Cole won golden opinions, and at the termination of each was complimented by a "recall." Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal music. The pianoforte part of Beethoven's *Lieder-Kreis* is extremely difficult, but under the hands of this accomplished musician the difficulties seemed to vanish, and none but those who are acquainted with the music would have guessed that anything more trying than an ordinary accompaniment was in question.

At the next concert, when Mr. Sims Reeves is again to sing, Miss Arabella Goddard is announced to play Woelff's celebrated *sonata di bravura*, called *Ne Plus Ultra*. On the same occasion M. Vieuxtemps makes his last appearance for the season. The place of the admirable Belgian violinist, however, is immediately to be filled up by Herr Joseph Joachim. If spirit and enterprise deserve success, it is unquestionably merited by these entertainments, nothing being left undone to sustain the high position to which they have hitherto been indebted for their almost unexampled popularity.

ADELINA PATTI AT BRUSSELS.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

WE have lately been in a high state of excitement, musically speaking, in this pleasant little capital, this *petit Paris*, as the brave Belgians themselves delight in calling it; so, under the impression that a short account of the cause thereof may prove interesting to the readers of the *MUSICAL WORLD*, I have determined to forward you a few lines on the subject.

Sig. Merelli has arrived here with his Italian Operatic Company, from Berlin, and taken up his quarters at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. The first opera represented was *La Sonnambula*, and Mlle. Adelina Patti was the Amina. The house was crammed long before the rising of the curtain, the most astounding reports of the fair stranger's vocal powers having preceded her arrival. Great was the anxiety manifested to hear one who may be designated the "girl *prima donna*," with as much right as Cardinal Wolsey was once dubbed the "boy bachelor," since it required the same amount of precocity in the young lady to achieve at her age the position she holds on the lyric stage, as it did in the Ipswich student to merit, when only fourteen, the title of B.A.

Public expectation was screwed up to fever height, and, in this case, it was not disappointed. In Mlle. Patti, Bellini has found an artist worthy of the gentle production of his brain, and one who won all hearts ere she had half got through the part she selected for her *début* before a Belgian audience. All those who have listened to her syren strains declare they never heard a more beautiful, a softer, or a purer voice, a voice which owes more, mayhap, to nature, bounteous source, than to art. She was more especially applauded in the duet of the first act; in the scene of sonnambulism of the second, and in the *andante* of her grand *morceau* in the third. I really fancied the public would never be tired of applauding.

Although you in England know all about Mlle. Patti's voice and acting, you do not know what the critics here say of them, and therefore I will give you a specimen from the leading journals—the subject being Amina:—"In the two performances of *La Sonnambula*,"—I forgot, by the way, to inform you that this opera has been given twice—"Mlle. Adelina Patti surpassed all the expectations which, with good reason, had been founded on her extraordinary merit and recent reputation. Mlle. Patti is a great singer. She belongs to no one school more than another; her singing, full of sympathy and feeling, leaves the old beaten paths far behind. Her style is peculiar to herself; it is impossible to compare it, with justice, to anything ever heard before; she resembles no one, she imitates no one; she is Mlle. Patti! Her certainty of execution; the delicacy and purity apparent in all she does, and, above all, the irreproachable correctness of the whole register of her voice, which is of incredible compass, render her an exception among the artistic celebrities of the day; her prodigious talent astonishes, surprises, captivates; you applaud in spite of yourself, carried away by an irresistible feeling of admiration. If to the preceding qualities, which border on the marvellous, we add the most graceful appearance that ever set off a young girl; beautiful and brilliant black eyes, full of slyness when they are not full of tenderness or grief; an infantine grace, overflowing with charms and well-bred ease, and a genuine histrionic talent, delicate, witty, striking, and dramatic, you will have a tolerably complete idea of this fairy of eighteen, whose name is Adelina Patti. Her success, or, as we prefer saying, in order to be nearer the truth, her triumph, was immense. Overwhelmed with marks of approbation and applause, and recalled by the entire audience with a degree of excitement verging upon frenzy, the fair young creature was obliged to come back and repeat the final rondo, besides coming forward once again, after the fall of the curtain, to receive from our intelligent public a fresh proof of their approbation. Mlle. Patti will mark a fresh era in Brussels, as, by the way, she has already done in America, in London and, quite recently in Berlin.

All I hope is (and I could choose a dozen more critiques, on Rosina Lucia, Norina, &c. equally flattering), that these unbounded eulogias will not turn the head of the little "*prima donna*." I am told this is unlikely, that, in short, Adelina is not to be spoiled. *Tant mieux.* R. S.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

Regent Street and Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SEVENTY-SIXTH CONCERT, on MONDAY EVENING, February 24, for the Benefit of

M. VIEUXTEMPS

Being, most positively, his last appearance this Season.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in A minor, Op. 13, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello. MM. VIEUXTEMPS, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PIATTI (Mendelssohn). Song, "Timid love," Mr. SIMS REEVES (Vieuxtemps). Song, "Cradle Song," Miss CLARI FRASER (Mendelssohn). Song, "The love charm," Mr. SIMS REEVES (Otto Goldschmidt). Sonata, "Ne Plus Ultra," for Pianoforte Solo, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD (Woelfl).

PART II.—Sonata, in D major, for Pianoforte and Violin, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and M. VIEUXTEMPS (Mozart). Song, "Adelaide," Mr. SIMS REEVES (accompanied on the Pianoforte by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD) (Beethoven). Old English Song, "The Oak and the Ash," Miss CLARI FRASER (Popular Music of the Olden Time) Quartet, in A, Op. 18, No. 5, for Two Violins, Viola and Violoncello, MM. VIEUXTEMPS, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PIATTI (Beethoven).

Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet, an interval of Five Minutes will be allowed. The Concert will finish before half-past ten o'clock.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; CHAPPELL & Co. 50 New Bond Street, and of the principal Musicians.

HERR JOACHIM, the celebrated Violinist, will make his first appearance in London at the Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, March 3rd. Sofa stalls, 5s., at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. A. J.—Received and will be attended to.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

MRS. BRADSHAW, the once celebrated Miss M. Tree, sister to Mrs. Charles Kean, whose death has this week been recorded, was one of the most popular ballad-singers of her day. The term "ballad-singer," as understood in the olden time, can hardly be estimated at its proper value now. According to the modern acceptation of the word, all our artists are ballad-singers, from Mlle. Titians and Mr. Sims Reeves, downwards, since they are constantly singing simple songs. But these are their exceptional moments, and only go to prove the condescension, or the willingness to oblige, of our first sopranos and first tenors. Formerly

the reputation of vocalists in this country depended almost entirely on their ballad-singing. For that branch alone of vocalisation they were prepared and educated, and they attempted no other style. Nor did their fame suffer because their range was restricted and their efforts limited to one school. That a vast deal may be accomplished in the interpretation of simple, unsophisticated airs, no one will dispute. Miss Stephens, one of the most remarkable singers whom England has produced, owed the greater part of her celebrity to ballad-singing. So did Incedon, Sinclair, Wilson, Mrs. Dickons, &c. Singers like Mrs. Waylett, Miss Byrne, Mr. Pearman, and Miss M. Tree, were indebted for their name altogether to their ballad-singing. Ballads were not only the songs of their predilection, but they had studied them alone, and could excel in no others. The artists had concentrated their mental powers into one focus, wherein was displayed all their strength and brightness. Had Incedon lived in the present day, who could assert that, with all the advantages of modern education, he would have risen superior to what he was when he wrung tears from his audience in "Black-eyed Susan" and "Farewell my trim-built wherry," or threw them into ecstasies in "The storm" and "The white-blossomed sloe?" Certainly in those days ballads were the sole medium for the expression of sentiment in music. Our composers did not attempt grand operas, like Mr. Balfe and Mr. Wallace, nor operas of the *Opéra Comique* kind, like many of our native musicians.

The real English lyric work for the stage was a ballad-opera, which was little more than a drama with single songs, like the *Beggars' Opera*, with an occasional duet, trio, or chorus, and now and then, *rara avis*, a concerted *morceau*. Henry Bishop, the most successful of our writers of ballad-operas, achieved his principal successes in productions of that kind, and by his genius, made them the chief standard works in the repertory of English lyric theatres. With such beacons before them, doubtless the aim of the English vocalist would be in a great measure to devote his talents to the mastery of ballads. It was that which above all was expected from him, and the accomplishment of which was most deeply appreciated by his hearers. But music made rapid advances as an art and a science, and the public feeling went no longer hand-in-hand with such trite simplicities as ballad-operas. The introduction of Italian and French operas on the English stage lent a distaste to these meagre national concoctions, and some of our composers, fired to emulation by the success of Auber, Rossini, and Mozart at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, essayed to produce an opera after the orthodox model. Mr. John Barnett's *Mountain Sylph*, we believe, and Mr. Edward Loder's *Nourmahal* led the way; or, at all events, the reception they obtained from the public impelled other musicians to follow in the same track. Perhaps the greatest blow the ballad-opera received was in the immense success achieved by Mr. Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*, which may be said to have revolutionised the English operatic stage.

That the ballad opera was the last remnant of an uninformed taste and a circumscribed education, we think all will admit,—as well as that it was an incontrovertible proof that England, from the days of Dr. Arne, had produced no great original thinker in operatic writing. Ballad-operas had their uses and influences notwithstanding. From their constitution and the special favouritism bestowed on them sprang the best and purest school of plain singing. No vocalists in the world could sing simple airs like the English; could give them the same unadulterated expression and the same unadorned style; or warble them with richer

and fresher voices. The ballad-opera is no more, and to be a mere ballad-singer is now the aim of none of our artists. All desire to be great and grand, in place of simple and engaging. The desire is not to be discommended; but it too often comes to pass that a young lady or gentleman, who has a fresh and beautiful voice, possessing more feeling than energy, greater delicacy than force, a larger amount of tenderness than dramatic fire, with full powers of *sostenuto* and small powers of execution, rushes into the classical and the bravura style, and so a perfect ballad-singer is lost for ever to the world and a respectable artist substituted.

THE new edition of M. Fétis's *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* is, in almost every respect, a vast improvement on the old one. One of the recent articles relates to that very popular dramatic singer, Chollet, who was much admired in this country, even when past the zenith of his powers.

Chollet, it appears, was the son of a chorus-singer at the Opera. Born on the 20th of May, 1798, he was admitted a pupil of the Conservatorium of Music in the month of April 1806. There he applied himself to the study of the violin and the solfeggio. Shortly after, his course of study was suspended, but subsequently resuming it, he obtained a prize for solfeggio in the competition of 1814. The Conservatorium being closed in 1815, in consequence of political events, Chollet not long after this became a chorus-singer at the Opera; thence he went to the Italian Opera, and, lastly, to the Feydeau Theatre, where he remained until 1818, and finally accepted an engagement with a troop of country actors. A good musician, and gifted with an agreeable voice, though little experienced in the art of singing, he made up for want of scientific acquirements by great intelligence and address. His voice at this time was of deeper tone than was subsequently the case; its character was that of a baritone, for in the list of the company at Havre, in 1823, he figures as engaged to take the parts of Martin, Lais and Sollié. He was then called Dôme Chollet. Being engaged in the same capacity at Brussels in the year 1825, on his way through Paris, he appeared at the Opéra Comique, where he was much applauded, and obtained an engagement for the year 1826, as a salaried actor. Accordingly he returned to fulfil his engagement, and his *débuts* were so brilliant, that he was admitted an associate (*sociétaire*) at the commencement of the following theatrical season in 1827. Composers were eager to write for him, and from that time he gave up baritone for tenor parts, to which latter he confined himself exclusively. The first who wrote a part for him of that character was Hérold in his opera of *Marie*. Then followed *La Fiancée*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Zampa*, and some other works, providing him with a stock of parts, in all of which his success was brilliant. The public listened to him with pleasure, although in Paris he never exercised that attraction which has the effect, when the name of an actor appears in the bills, of filling the theatre with a dense crowd.

On the dissolution of the Society of Actors of the Opéra Comique, Chollet was engaged by the management which succeeded; but the failure of that enterprise having left him free to dispose of himself, he seized the occasion to make a tour and exhibit his powers in the principal cities of France. Engaged as leading tenor at the principal theatre in Brussels, he made his *début* there in April 1832, and continued there until the spring of 1834. He now proceeded to the

Hague, where he was employed in the same line of parts. In the month of May 1835, he returned to the Opéra Comique in Paris, and remained there for a succession of years. At a later period the management of the theatre at the Hague was confided to him, and during the term of his management the King of the Netherlands treated him with marked favour. Suddenly, however, Chollet threw up his post and returned to France. Since then he has appeared in London (at the St. James's Theatre, when under Mr. Mitchell's direction), and once more at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris. While in Brussels Chollet met with frantic applause; no such vogue attended him in Paris, where, nevertheless, the public was well disposed towards him.

Endowed with qualities which might have ensured him a superior talent had his vocal education been carefully attended to, Chollet possessed more dexterity than real skill, more manner than style. He would sometimes deliver his notes with an abruptness savouring almost of affectation; and as often altered the character of the music by variations of *tempo* or the introduction of a multitude of cadences (*points d'orgue*), for it was especially in such embellishments that he made a display of his head notes. The study of vocalisation was the point in which he was wanting, so that the production of his voice (*mise de voix*) was defective, and he never executed an ascending scale otherwise than in an imperfect manner. Notwithstanding these defects, the charm of his voice, his knowledge of those things which pleased the public, and his self-possession as a musician, enabled him to produce more effect than singers of greater ability unpossessed of these advantages.

Chollet has composed romances and nocturnes, which have been published in Paris and Brussels, and in some instances have met with success.

M. VAN PRAAG.—This most able and obliging of concert-agents and managers of balls, soirées, &c., has issued his annual circular, wherein he apprises his friends that he has taken up new quarters at 71 Wardour Street, W., where he will be most happy to hear from them, engaging himself, by his zeal and unremitting attention, to deserve that confidence at the hands of his patrons which has been bestowed on him for many years. We endorse, without hesitation, the document of M. Van Praag, knowing him to be every way experienced and trustworthy in his business, and no less eager and willing to serve those who employ him.

M. VIEUXTEMPS makes his last appearance this season on Monday night, at the 76th Monday Popular Concert. On Tuesday he starts for Rotterdam, being engaged to make the tour of the principal musical societies in Holland.

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM is daily expected. He will first play at the 77th Monday Popular Concert, then at the first Philharmonic Concert, and then (his own Hungarian Concerto) at the first concert of the Musical Society of London.

M. DEPRET.—The report that this singer had died in Italy, turns out to be a *canard*. M. Depret is at this moment sound of wind and limb, and enjoying himself at Florence. Also, rumour recently slew Herr Schultz.

MR. LOUIS JULLEN.—"On dit," that this year we shall have a new aspirant to public favour in the person of Mr. Louis Jullien, the son of the renowned musical conductor, who formerly was associated so much with the entertainment of the public in the production of the most interesting and popular concerts of the day, viz., "Jullien's Promenade Concerts." From what we have heard, we anticipate a repetition of promenade concerts as they were, combining all the talent, musical effects, and novelties of former days.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE BRADFORD TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—A special meeting of the general committee of the Bradford Musical Festival of 1859, was held at St. George's Hall on Tues-

day, for the purpose of determining on the course to be adopted with reference to the next festival. There were about fifty present. Mr. Ald. Brown, chairman of the general committee, presided, and explained that he had called the meeting in order that they might confer as to the desirability of holding the festival this (being the triennial) year; but taking into consideration the great attractions of the metropolis, such as the International Exhibition and the Handel Festival of three days, to be held at the Crystal Palace in June, he was of opinion, like many other gentlemen connected with the town, that there would be no hope of holding the Festival with any prospect of advantage to the Infirmary.—The Rev. Dr. Willis, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, and other gentlemen expressed a similar opinion; and Dr. Campbell moved the following resolution, seconded by Mr. John Barraclough, and unanimously passed:—"That in consideration of the holding of the International Exhibition in London, it is not expedient to hold the Triennial Musical Festival in Bradford during this year; but, in furtherance of the general understanding that a musical festival should be held in Bradford every three years, the committee do now adjourn till January next year, to take such preliminary steps as then may be deemed expedient, for holding the festival in 1863."

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—A concert was given on Tuesday in aid of the Hartley Colliery Accident Fund, which attracted a brilliant and overflowing audience, notwithstanding the advance in the terms of admission. The artists, all of whom tendered their gratuitous services, included, among others, the attractive names of Titiens, Giuglini, Arabella Goddard, Sainton-Dolby, Weiss, &c. The Vocal Association, too, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, gave their services, and supplied some favourite pieces by Mendelssohn, Auber, Bishop, Handel, &c., honourably distinguishing themselves in all. Mlle. Titiens sang Signor Arditi's "Il Baccio," a German *Lied*, a duo with Mad. Lemaire, and the popular duet "Il suon del arpi angeliche," from Donizetti's *Martiri*, with Signor Giuglini, all in her most splendid manner, and creating quite a furor in the first and last, which were encored. The one solo, "M'appari tutt' amor," which fell to Signor Giuglini, was unanimously redemanded, when he sang "Spinto gentil" instead, with no less effect than the romance from *Martha*. In the trying scene from Mr. Benedict's *Undine* Mr. Wilby Cooper sang like a true artist. Mr. Weiss, too, displayed his remarkable powers in Schubert's "Wanderer," and "The village blacksmith." Two songs from the *Puritan's Daughter*, "My own sweet child," by Mr. Lewis Thomas, and "Bliss for ever past," by Signor Burdini, were both commendable performances; while Mad. Sainton-Dolby's chaste and expressive reading of "The Lady of the Lea" was entitled to all praise. M. Sainton achieved an irresistible encore in his fantasia on Scotch airs, and Mad. Lemaire gave "Nobil Signor" and "Il segreto" in her best manner. Last not least, Miss Arabella Goddard's incomparable playing of Thalberg's "Last rose of summer" enchanted the audience beyond measure. How the performance was received we need not say. Messrs. Howard Glover, Ganz and Benedict conducted the concert, being under the direction of Mr. Mapleson, to whom belongs the credit of its origin and organisation.

On Wednesday the Hall was again occupied for charitable purposes, the Infirmary for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest being the motive power for the display of that virtue which is said to cover a multitude of sins. Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Miss Arabella Goddard, Messrs. Sainton, Cooper and Weiss were once more the principal artists, and repeated the same morceaux which was given at the previous concert. In addition Miss Augusta Thompson sang "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*, besides joining in two quartets; Mr. Brinley Richards performed two pianoforte solos, "Ethel" and a "Tarantelle," while Mlle. Georgi, who made her *début* at Mr. Howard Glover's concert, if we remember rightly, exhibited a pleasing voice and much promise in the airs, "O mio Fernando," "Floating over the waters," and "O bid your faithful Ariel fly." The West London Madrigal Society contributed the following pieces:—"All ye who music love," "Lady fair let golden sleep," "O who will o'er the downs," "When April deck'd," "Cheer up companions" (encored), "Tother morning very early," and "Spring's delights," all fairly sung and warmly applauded. Messrs. Benedict and Lake were the accompanists. The room was well filled despite the miserable weather, and, as in the former case, the concert was a decided success which must add something considerable to the funds of the Infirmary, thanks to the generosity of the performers who again tendered their valuable services gratuitously.

THE CONCERT given at the East and West India Dock Company's Literary Institution, on Wednesday, was under the direction of Mr. George Tedder, who was assisted in the vocal department by Miss

Poole, Mad. Bishop, Mr. Henry and Master Edwin Sanders, and in the instrumental by the Brothers Shapcott, who played selections from operas by Donizetti, &c., &c., on the "Silver Neo Horns." Mr. Henry Parker was the accompanist. Previous to the concert, Samuel Gregson, Esq., M.P., the chairman of the West India Dock Company, addressed a few words to the audience, begging them to refrain from encoring the different pieces in the programme, as it would extend the concert to an unreasonable length. Notwithstanding the good advice of the worthy M.P., repetitions were insisted on of the "Last rose of summer," song (Mad. Bishop) "Will you for a soldier go?" by Miss Poole; and "The Bay of Biscay," by Mr. George Tedder. The last named, indeed, pleased so much, that it was doubtful whether he would not be obliged to sing it a third time.

STRAND THEATRE.—On Thursday night a very lively farce, written by Mr. J. P. Wooler, and entitled *Orange Blossoms*, was produced with a degree of success remarkable even in these days of universal approbation. The title points to matrimony, and the violent propulsion of a determined bachelor into the holy state is the subject of the plot. Mr. Septimus Symmetry (Mr. J. Clarke), exulting in the independence of single life, is a professed hater of the fair sex, and scorns the idea of becoming a Benedick, notwithstanding the circumstance that, by the terms of a deceased uncle's will, he will forfeit his extensive estates if he does not take to himself a wife before he has completed his 35th year. Colonel Clarence (Mr. J. W. Ray) and Mr. Falcon Hope (Mr. Belford) he regards as mortal foes, simply because they bring their wives (Miss Bufton and Miss Kate Carson) into his house, and thus encumber his premises with two lively specimens of womankind. He resolves, therefore, to work them a mischief, and his discovery that in early days Colonel Clarence aspired to the hand of the future Mrs. Hope, while Mr. Hope honourably wooed the future Mrs. Clarence, enables him, with the aid of a little exaggeration, to destroy the happiness of two couples at once. Words run high between the Colonel and the civilian, but the mischief-maker is not allowed to have his own way, for the two Othellos soon find reason to believe that their mutual jealousy is misplaced, and that their common Iago is also their rival in the affections of their wives. To escape a double duel, Septimus accepts the condition imposed upon him by the husbands, which is to the effect that he shall immediately marry Hope's cousin Louisa (Miss Fanny Josephs), an eccentric young lady, familiarly known by the name of "Little Loo." By affecting a hatred for matrimony, "Little Loo" has already made some impression on the heart of the woman-hater, and when he consents to take her for a wife he is refreshed by the discovery that she is the person to whom his estate would have passed if he had remained a bachelor beyond the prescribed period.

The circumstance that Mr. Symmetry is a despicable, malicious poltroon, half demon and half idiot, does not in the least lessen the diversion afforded by the farce. The author has simply endeavoured to get up a genteel "row" among a set of well-dressed personages, and his plot, in spite of its improbability, is rendered highly entertaining by his own smart dialogue and the very lively acting of the compact Strand company. It should be added that the action takes place in front of an exceedingly pretty scene, representing the garden of the principal personage.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Monday night Mr. Oxenford's capital farce, *Retained for the Defence*, was revived, and Mr. Robson, after a long interval, resumed his favourite character, Pawkins. In delineating this plebeian victim of circumstantial evidence, Mr. Robson presents one of those types of low life on which he has partly based his great reputation; and among the amateurs of humorous acting Pawkins takes his place with the *Wandering Minstrel* and the *Boots at the Swan*. Mr. Neville has become a member of the Olympic company since the last performance of the piece, and he represents the barrister, Mr. White-wash, not only with his usual gentlemanlike ease, but with a forensic assurance that gives individuality to the part.

DEATH OF MRS. BRADSHAW.—This once eminent vocalist, known to the elder generation of playgoers as Miss M. Tree, died on the 16th inst. In the old days of English ballad-opera she stood in the highest rank of her profession, and in the musical adaptations of Shakspeare's plays, which were common many years ago, she was frequently associated with Miss Stephens. Her retirement from the stage, consequent on her marriage with Mr. Bradshaw, occurred so long since, that to modern amateurs of music she will seem to belong to a remote past, and to exist only in honourable tradition. Thirteen years have elapsed since the death of Mr. Bradshaw, and she has left one child, a daughter, who is married to Mr. H. Langley, formerly of the 2nd Guards. Mrs. Bradshaw was the eldest sister of Mrs. Charles Kean, and in consequence of her death Mr. and Mrs. Kean have not performed at Drury Lane Theatre during the week.

Provincial.

The following is an extract from *The Leeds Express* of this day:—

"To the committee of gentlemen who organised the *Messiah* performance on Saturday last, in the Leeds Town Hall, much praise is justly due—for, in addition to the opportunity thus afforded our local musicians of showing their heartfelt interest in the cause of a noble charity,—they were instrumental in procuring the services of a distinguished foreigner, who for the first time essayed the soprano music of Handel's great oratorio. Mlle. Titiens readily transferred the weight of her name for the benefit of our local institution, when it was found that the Hartley Colliery Fund—to support which she had originally been appealed to for her gratuitous services—needed no further assistance. No less acknowledgment is due to Miss Carrodus, Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Brandon, Mr. Haddock and his band, Mr. Burton, Dr. Spark, and the members of the Leeds Madrigal and the Leeds Festival Societies—all of whom willingly placed their abilities at the disposal of the managing committee. We have stated that Mlle. Titiens, for the first time undertook the soprano music of the *Messiah*; and at the present time, when a vocalist to supply the place so long held by Mad. Clara Novello in the oratorio school is wanted—the event is of more than ordinary interest. It is but following an ordinary expression in criticism to say that Mlle. Titiens created a profound sensation. Her singing indeed touched the hearts of all present. Miss Carrodus, Mr. Inkersall, and Mr. Brandon, in their respective solos, sang with care and efficiency. The band was, in most respects, admirable—the strings being superior to anything we have heard for some time in Leeds; the wind instruments, however, were as usual, a little under the mark. The chorus once more proved, if such a proof were necessary, the thorough competence of our Leeds singers (with a little additional strength in the soprano and alto departments) for the finest performance of any complete musical work. Whilst the popular choruses 'For unto us' (encored) and the 'Hallelujah' received the greatest applause, we must specially notice the chain of fugal choruses, commencing 'Surely He hath borne our griefs.' Dr. Spark played the accompaniments to the recitatives on the soft stops of the organ. At the close of all the songs, the organ was employed; and also at the end of the 'Pastoral Symphony.' Mr. Burton conducted. The attendance was exceedingly good, and we believe a respectable sum will be handed over to the Treasurer of the Leeds New Infirmary."

The production of Mr. Howard Glover's operetta, *Once Too Often*, at the Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, is noticed at length in the *Examiner* and *Times* of Monday. The writer commences by saying—

"We have long been of opinion that English taste and feeling inclined to the comic rather than the serious character of operatic music, and that we only want the experiment fairly tried by some of our best English composers to secure a successful result. It was, therefore, with no slight gratification that we found on Saturday evening last so large an audience gathered in the Free-Trade Hall, and heartily enjoying the performance of Mr. Howard Glover's latest production, entitled *Once Too Often*."

With this opinion we in some respects agree. Of Mr. Glover's music the journalist thus speaks:—

"The composition of this little work is decisive as to the true direction in which Mr. Glover should employ his rare musical talent. There is originality of melody throughout, and of that special quality which follows you home, and lingers in memory, and which you are sure to hear sung in every drawing-room, and most probably brought still nearer to immortality by the street organ of the dark-eyed Italian boys. Among the airs especially worthy of notice we would select the Romance, 'A young and artless maiden,' sung by Herr Reichardt with a refinement and delicacy of style which he has of late approached in a manner unsurpassed by any modern vocalist. 'Love is a gentle thing,' is another of these charming ballads, to which Miss Emma Heywood did ample justice. The songs allotted to Blanche, equally graceful in character, are marked with deep and earnest feeling; 'The solemn words his lips have spoken,' with its brilliant second movement. 'Now all anxious doubts,' gained for Mad. Bauer a warm encore. What shall we say of the genial-hearted, rollicking Formes? and who, having witnessed his Marcel or Bertram, could anticipate such broad, unctuous humour as he contrived to throw into the Baron Pompernik? The composer has evidently studied the natural and artistic qualities of the great basso,

and the result is a rare combination of music and histrionic power. The buffo duet with the Count, 'Pompernik, full well you know'—in which there is the repeated exclamation, 'What a wonderful man!'—called forth hearty laughter; the change into a delicate melody, 'Her loveliness and artless youth,' adding greatly to the effect; whilst the aria buffa, 'In my chateau of Pompernik,' is one of the best songs of its kind to be found in modern opera of any school."

The reopening of the Town Hall at Greenock, according to the local journals, was a most brilliant affair. A concert, consisting principally of choruses from the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, under the direction of Mr. J. M. Hutcheson, was given by the Choral Society, Mr. E. T. Chipp, from London, and Mr. G. T. Poulter, town organist, presiding at the organ. The Choral Society of Greenock is not only a well-organised but a highly influential body. It emphatically represents the musical taste of the town, and to its exertions the public are mainly indebted for the new organ and the improvement and decoration of the hall. The *Greenock Telegraph* thus describes the alterations effected in the building, and the additions in the way of ornament, &c., which have been made in the interior:—

"The Hall is now a complete change from the cold, comfortless dusty and dreary appearance it had until a week or two ago. The gallery front has been painted a light green, with gilt mouldings; the front of the boxes is of a rich maroon, overlaid with green painted fret-work hatched with gold. The organ screen has been decorated in a style corresponding with the beautiful arabesques on the front pipes, and in small panels are emblazoned the names of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, with medallion portraits of the two principal composers, and in a panel above the key-boards is displayed the name of the builders—Messrs. Forster and Andrews. The appearance of the hall as a whole was magnificent,—the platform clustered with gentlemen and gaily-dressed ladies, the beautifully decorated instrument towering behind them, the galleries and back of area crowded, in the boxes a brilliant throng of ladies and gentlemen, principally in evening dress, while the light thrown by the many chandeliers above the galleries contributed to make the *tout ensemble* most imposing and agreeable."

A second concert was given the following evening, consisting entirely of organ performances by Dr. Chipp and Mr. Poulter. The proceeds of both concerts are to be distributed among the charitable institutions of the town. The organ playing of Dr. Chipp created an almost unprecedented sensation, as was proved by the overture to *Masaniello* being redemanded with acclamations.

A correspondent from Bath writes as subjoined:—

"At Mr. Simm's morning and evening concerts, at the Assembly Rooms, on Saturday last, M. Ascher played the following pieces of his own composition:—'Alice' (romance); 'Rondo des Elves'; 'Sans Souci' (galop); 'Fantasia on airs from *Dinorah*'; 'Gardez cette fleur'; and 'Galop Brillant.' M. Ascher, with a true feeling for art, unites a rare facility of execution, attracting no less by the grace than the brilliancy of his compositions. His playing exhibits singular ease in passages of rapidity, together with extreme delicacy, especially in the management of the *diminuendo*, seldom attained."

Saunders' News Letter gives an account of the last concert of the Philharmonic Society in Dublin, at which the "Sisters Marchisio" were introduced for the first time to an Irish audience. They also appeared at two other concerts in the Irish capital, one morning and one evening, and drew enormous audiences. Their success has led to a second engagement, and they return next week and give yet two more concerts in Dublin. M. Vieuxtemps, who accompanies the "Sisters" in their *tournee*, has shared largely in their success, and is lauded to the skies by the writer in *Saunders*. Master Arthur Napoleon, the young pianist, and M. Lamory, the violoncellist, are also mentioned in terms of praise.

From the *Torquay Directory* we learn that Mad. Louisa Vinning gave a concert in the Bath Saloon on Wednesday morning, the 29th of January. The attendance was large, and the concert eminently successful. What the above-named journal thinks of Mad. Vinning, may be gleaned from the following:—

"We rejoice to find that Mad. Vinning retains her wonderful power and sweetness of voice, qualifications seldom blended except at a sacrifice of one or both. The Italian cavatina displayed her dramatic execution, but we delight much more in those simple English songs, which

test the hidden pathos of the singer. The lips are but the portals of the heart, and singing is the highest manifestation of what dwells in the soul within. We believe Mad. Vinning's success rests mainly on a heart, warm, simple and true, of which her voice is only the expression. What is true must be loved, and must carry with it its own charm; and there is a triumph for true hearts, which the greatest genius cannot secure, not the noisy triumph of applause, but the far more lasting triumph of life-long friends."

The same journalist speaks enthusiastically of the pianoforte playing of Miss Jane Jackson, who he affirms, is considered, by competent judges equal to any pianist of the day.

Letters to the Editor.

DR. WESLEY'S FUNERAL ANTHEM.

SIR,—I was very pleased to see your notice of Dr. Wesley's anthem, "All go unto one place," in memory of the lamented Prince Consort. It is a very fine composition, and, what is a great treat in these times, an original piece of writing. Yet it is simple enough for any choir who can sing notes as they are written, and who are willing to try something beyond the humdrum puerilities which are often worked threadbare by those competent to essay music of a higher order. Let every musician purchase the anthem and judge for himself whether the modulations are not most striking and original. At the same time the parts flow smoothly enough for the majority of our parochial choirs, who, in their present improved state of efficiency, are not bound hand and foot and throat to the ground, by the bonds of the common "chord." The modulation, or rather progression, from the chord of B major to that of C natural major, which occurs on the words "Eternal in the heavens," has a most beautiful effect. The unison passage for tenors and basses which opens the anthem is striking and masterly, and so, indeed, is the whole anthem. It is a treat, indeed, to meet with anything so new. Dr. Wesley is as original in writing as he is in playing: both are his own. I am sure that all musicians, organists and choirmasters will thank you for your notice of the anthem, and will be delighted to possess such an original and appropriate memento of the illustrious Prince.

I hope you will do me the favour to insert this letter in the next number of your journal. Indeed I am sure you will have pleasure in allowing your columns to be the medium of paying a mark of respect to the genius and consummate talent of Dr. Wesley.

THOMAS LLOYD FOWLE, Mus. Doc. M.A.

London, 12th Feb. 1862.

LIVES OF HANDEL AND BEETHOVEN.

SIR,—"Figaro" means the translated edition of Schindler's *Beethoven*, and also the translated edition of Chrysander's *Life of Handel*.

[Chrysander is not translated. We believe the translation of Schindler was published at Bentley's,—Moscheles was the editor. It is, however, to be ascertained at any publisher's.—Ed.]

HERR NABICH, the well-known trombonist, has left London for the purpose of giving concerts in Paris and Orleans.

DR. GILBERT AND MISS PARRY.—A correspondent, writing from Leipsic, says:—"Dr. Bennett Gilbert, from London, presented himself at the Conservatorium last night (the 2nd ult.), and brings with him his pupil, Miss Caroline Parry, a charming young soprano, of seventeen or eighteen summers. We had the satisfaction of hearing her in the grand aria from *Freischütz*, 'Wie nahe,' and also Donizetti's 'L'amor suo.' This young lady is to sing at the grand levées about the 12th of this month, and there is little doubt about her success. She brings here the best recommendations from such men as Kapelmeister Dessoff (of Vienna), Julius Reitz, &c.; enough to secure her the first position on the continent."

CROYDON.—The entertainment in connection with the Literary and Scientific Institution, which took place at the New Public Hall on Thursday evening week, was a significant success. The hall doors were besieged by crowds long before the hour for opening, and many could not obtain admittance. The singing of the Orpheus Glee Union was greatly applauded. Mr. George Russell, the talented pianist, played the *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* of Mendelssohn, *La Cascade* of Pauer, and "Home, sweet home" of Thalberg. At the conclusion of each solo Mr. Russell was enthusiastically applauded, and the performances encoored—a compliment which he merely acknowledged with

bows. Such an entertainment as this is a credit to the Literary and Scientific Institution.

BRESLAU.—The first subscription concert of the Breslau Orchestral Union, went off with great *déclat*. About 1100 tickets were sold, and the audience were loud in their applause. The orchestra, consisting of seventy musicians, was under the direction of Dr. Damrosch. The principal orchestral works, comprised in the programme, were the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, Gade's *Michael Angelo* overture, and Beethoven's symphony in C minor. Herr Jean Becker played Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and Paganini's variations.

ERFURT.—The last concert of Soller's Musical Union was given in celebration of the 150th anniversary of Frederick the Great's birthday. A bust of the warlike monarch was set up, entwined with flowers, in the most conspicuous part of the concert-room. The concert began with the grand "Parademarsch" composed by Frederick himself, followed by Meyerbeer's overture to *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*, and a number of less important pieces, vocal and instrumental.

PRAGUE.—Mozart's *Idomeneo* will shortly be performed here for the first time.

LEIPSIK.—We learn from a correspondent that Miss Madeline Schiller, a young English pianist, made a highly favourable *début* at the Gewandhaus Concerts on the 23rd of January. The circumstances under which she appeared were peculiar. The pianist who came from Frankfurt to play did not satisfy himself or the directors at rehearsal, and voluntarily resigned his engagement. Upon this Miss Madeline Schiller, who was known to one or two of the directors, was sent for, and most bravely undertook to play Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto at a day's notice. As it was the young lady's first appearance in presence of a large audience, her situation may be imagined. She was extremely nervous, but after the first movement, encouraged by frequent and loud applause, seemed to have recovered full possession of her powers. That she created an unusual sensation may be gathered from the fact, that the directors presented her with a very handsome brooch, gold neck-chain and pendants. The newspapers all anticipate for Miss Schiller a first-rate artistic career.

HANOVER.—There were eighty operatic performances at the Theatre Royal during the last year. Two of the operas performed—*Das Glöckchen des Eremiten* and M. Gounod's *Faust*—were novelties. There were twelve revivals. In stock operas, the various composers were represented as follows:—Auber, one performance; Bellini, 1; Boïeldieu, 2; Donizetti, 3; Fioranti, 1; Flotow, 3; Gläser, 1; Gounod, 2; Halévy, 1; Kreutzer, 1; Lortzing, 4; Maillart, 3; Marschner, 4; Méhul, 2; Meyerbeer, 9; Mozart, 3; Nicolai, 1; Offenbach, 1; Rossini, 3; Spohr, 1; Verdi, 3; Wagner, 4; and Weber, 1.

GOTHA.—The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen has bestowed the medal and decoration affiliated to the Ernetenian House Order, on Herr Alfred Jaell, the pianist. Herr Jaell has been making a professional tour, through Hanover, Cassel, Mayence and Meiningen, and will shortly visit Hamburg, Leipsic and Bremen.

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The snowy blooms of the hawthorn tree
Lay thickly the ground adorning,
The birds were singing in ev'ry bush
At five o'clock in the morning.

And Bessie the milk-maid merrily sang,—
For the meadows were fresh and fair,
The breeze of the morning kiss'd her brow,
And played with her nut-brown hair.
But oft she turn'd, and look'd around,
As if the silence scorning:
'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe
At five o'clock in the morning.

And over the meadows the mowers came,
And merry their voices rang,
And one among them wended his way
To where the milk-maid sang.
And as he linger'd by her side,—
Despite her comrade's warning,—
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